THE CHICAGO LEDGER

A MODERN HOME WEEKLY OF ROMANCE, DEPARTMENTS AND EVENTS

VOL. XXVI. NO. 36. CHICAGO, ILL., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1898. Single Copies 5 Cents.

WHAT REWARD?

BY E. M.

His was a boy mind delicately bred;
A town boy and his mother's only one;
Her fair hands stroked his shapely curly head,
She labored, for his sake, storm, cold, and sun.

What had he, then, to do with suffering?
But all brave men she'd taught him to admire,
So when he heard the country's war-cry
What could she say? His arm was born for fire.

A common soldier to the front he went;
Youth, health, life, love, hope, fame, all
To him a symbol,
Into one patriotic offering steel,
He flung a page into the face of Death!

And he redeemed his gage where bullets hissed,
Tipping the charging colossus's crying wedge;
Or, prone penned, with white lips hunger-kissed,
Pale's brimming cup he drank, his country's pledge.

Death he defied until death passed him by,
Taking an surely only scars and youth;
Then he came home—nor hearted one backward sigh—
O'er all he'd given up for land and truth.

A common soldier as he went he came,
And yet a hero! Who gives more than all?
He who gives all, nor asks for even fame,
What is there, more than a hero, such to call?

What was he? There were thousands such as he—
Men every inch, from crown to tip of toe!
For such, O country, what reward shall be?
The gods take not, 'tis theirs but to bestow.

And Godlike such—Jews manhood that they threw
Into the coin when treason kicked the dust
And manhood is not purchased. Buy the true
To whom high honor is a foolish dream!

This boy and all his noble fellows gave.
What money buys not, pays not for
Their service.
This patriot takes dishonor every grave,
Like slavery that e'en would purchase Heaven.

O, country, cherish lovingly all those in
Red, for not after long or honors worn,
But after sacrifice, are heroes born,
That groans moistened by the entitle pen.
Lift high such heroes as a glorious sign!
Where hero's can upon his brows shall shine;
So up the future shall their shadows fall,
To teach our children manhood's duties.

"MY GOD!" HE CRIED HOARSELY, "IT'S MARIAN!"

THE HAG.

Mystery of a Beautiful Magician.

BY LEROY ARMSTRONG.

(Copyrighted by the Author.)

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! have I seen a ghost? I parted ghost."

"That's the haunted house."

"Nonsense. There are no haunted houses."

"Well, people here in Calumet avenue would have you are a fool if you say a ghost here any time of the day or night."

"You are a woman."

"You are a brute. Furthermore, I believe I've seen a ghost. When I was coming home from the bank at 10:30 on Saturday night, I saw a man in white standing on the corner. I dare say he popped over the fence from from this gate to Calumet avenue, through the trees—and it." Then she added, "You can't get lost. If you think there are no ghosts in Mr. Travers' grounds—"

"What do I get, if I venture this horrid night?"

"Well, you get to go riding with me again tomorrow night."

"It's a bargain," he shake hands.

"I won't. You always pull me off my wheel when you have the chance."

The two went down Grand boulevard, and the man left them from the higher ground. Just east of the big railroad subway, seemed a white, shapeless mass of misty, milky space with the glow of luminous paint. Then the girl grasped his arm, as he began to the hotel reaches of Jackson park. She watching them, and waiting there by the side of the course could have heard the rasp rear of many tires on sanded track, and the broken speech of devoted lovers.

Just these two, less hurried than the rest, pursued the course at a slow pace. Then the girl, while they lingered over the path with the footprint, gave a low cry and spurts the wire.

They sat the pavilion, and heard the band, watching the yachts that flitted with their lights on the broad lake. They sang to each other, for Mr. Fallon had a rich tenor, and she a clear soprano. Carriage and wheel and girl with Fallon was coming his way, and that she would come to more quickly by having her own time about it. Widows are odd—particularly widows who have had their own ways who have conquered a place on the stage. Mr. Fallon was not sure that he was not in love, but wanted a definite confession.

They walked side by side, and pushed their wheels along the front edge of the park, and set down on a bench near the quaint old cafe. A servant brought them ice cream and cake and they feasted and there in the summer night, with the stars above, and young life all about them.

Then they mounted and circled slowly, while the girl chatted with her escort, who was in the pavilion here.

"Good-night, ladies. Good-night, ladies—We're going back, you know."

And to the merrier refrain—chorused from the throats of boats in the offing—

"Merrily we row along, oars along, row along, sledge."

Merrily we row along.

Over they flew like a bird.

They trundled out through the aisles to the west, and left the scenic of the receiving station, pacing his slow beat on his round, and reaching the long, lighted path of the "white wash fence," said the woman.

"Almost as much haunted house."

"Oh, yes. Let's see. What am I to do?"

Walk through the grove from Jackson boulevard to Calumet avenue, pushing your wheel."

"And you bet no—"

"Then tomorrow night."

"I'll enjoy as this has been."

"Happy?"

"I'll put them six—for that."

"So would I."

"Now—"

Never mind, now. Here's the little gate." And he thought, take that path, and once through the grove at the opposite side, I will be free to ride with her. You at the Calumet avenue door."

He left the pavilion, and heard the band watching the yachts that flitted with their lights on the broad lake. They sang to each other, for Mr. Fallon had a rich tenor, and she a clear soprano. Carriage and wheel and girl with Fallon was coming his way, and that she would come to more quickly by having her own time about it. Widows are odd—particularly widows who have had their own ways who have conquered a place on the stage. Mr. Fallon was not sure that he was not in love, but wanted a definite confession.

They walked side by side, and pushed their wheels along the front edge of the park, and set down on a bench near the

As he rose something pucked at his light flannel riding jacket.

He looked at it.

At first he saw nothing.

Then a white hand, outstretched, palm down, teased him, seemed to catch at his coat.

He was frightened, in spite of himself. He struggled, and followed the white hand to the arm, to the shoulder, to—

A woman teased off a black mantle and stood upright before him. She was tall, and her whole visage illumined as if a lime light had flashed upon it. And then she spoke.

He was still standing stooped over, with the broken fly-rig in his hand. He became conscious he been so stooped for many seconds.

He stood.

The woman cry out very loud. He had—even in the terror of the moment—noted that he must not convey to Mrs. Fallon, awaiting him then at the gate, any suggestion that this other woman—see free from terrible—at least.

But he started to follow in the direction of the path he had taken when the cry, coming from the other way, came before him. The figure was now at the left of the road, and within the lighted space of the big Travers place clear.

He turned back to the path, and was just at the edge of the wood when he saw that black mantle fall. The cape was sinuously concealed the time, and was crouching, and then it was in the grass.

She rose—and swiftly, but frighteningly and like a flash. When she came out and up, till it seemed to him a cloud of darkness which had followed the white shadow of Millionaire Miles Travers' desolate home.

And the woman revealed as she neared west up was a most horrible thing. Shocked, gnashed, ragged teeth, the appearance of aspect, with that same strange light burning her face, with the hand that turned and turned, and with fangs for eyes that gnawed and gnawed—that was the figure before him.

And he was not a coward; a man may be afraid of ghosts when the night is favorable, the appalling confronts him that he will loathe. Of St. Thomas it could be said—so much as of any man—that he knew not fear. But this was not of the ground sky-where—and he could have done no more than he did when the thing was denounced. But this weird thing, now upon a visitation that already had set him wondering if he was not mad—this vivid thing that rose so slowly—so strangely swift—and gathered its mantle again from the midnight air, and again enveloped itself in its folds.

There it was.

Like an inanimate thing again, a black, shadowy, tangled mass on the ground, it confronted him. And he stepped swiftly forward, with his anger re-enforcing his nerves.

He snatched at the mantle—now only quiet—and caught it, and flung it away.

And there was nothing.

The path was empty. The flowers and lights shone at the edge of the grove. He stood a moment, trembling, then he saw a dress a long breath and hurried out at the gate.

He walked straight up to the next before he reached the gate, and he was not afraid. He waited a moment, and then he spoke with fright, yet thinking normally as a man may under the most level circumstances. He leaned against the big iron column and looked—he had come above him blazing—and saw the flower-dotting windows of Miles Travers' home, the white cascades of Calumet avenue.

He wondered where gay, amorous, beautiful Mrs. Fallon had gone. He wondered how the fair coquettish, handsome Mrs. had left a scene to the like grave. Or was she then at all?

The night have come through pretty quickly after all." he said. "Mrs. Fallon will be waiting for me at the gate."

He mounted his wheel and rode slowly on and down the avenue in a series of effigies. He was himself now, and provoked that anything should have frightened him. He was in leaving that lamp post at which his comrade was to have met him when the woman appeared upon the like of him. He wondered what held it in place.

He was with a woman's whole heart. He paused about the column. He read:

"If you wire gone so long I have ridden on home. You win. Come for me tomorrow night.

And on the other side was printed:

"MARGUERITE FALLON."

CHAPTER II.

"Mrs. same to business, some to pleasures take,
But every woman is at heart a rake."

That for Et Thorne was sitting down to his luncheon in the Union League club when a handsome, slender gentleman with glasses and the Prince Albert coat which the well-dressed man promenaders wear, rode into the grill room.

"Hello, Fallon," said Bellingham," cured by whatever of Ann Arbor's advantages."

"And so Doctor Ward Bellingham—special, the surgery, consulting physician, and Miss Midge Travers' clever daughter, Marian, are to be one and same?" Fallon asked, rider and set down.

"Not quite, not today?" asked the surgeon. "She has a message for you."

"I saw her last night—not today."

"Then she did not see her last night, and at what hour?"

"At five, o'clock till just about 12, as I remember. We were wheeling. Jackson park, you know, and then—"

"Then you rode and rode and rode, but he had lost by going to the Calumet avenue gate when you left. Then you rode to Mrs. Fallon's house. He was a little angry that Doctor Ward Bellingham said at him as it, doubting the statement.

"Then you were not at it?" queried the surgeon.

"At it?"

"With Mrs. Fallon?"

"Where, you are dreaming—"

"Not now."

"Yeah, you must have been then."

"What's the matter, Doctor?" asked the said about-town, a real eagerly in his voice.

"Well, I beg your pardon, Thorne. I suppose I did look incredulous. But the fact is, I met Mrs. Fallon at the Hundred-and-One club last night, and from her she did not leave till after 11 o'clock."

"You were not looking well at each other for a moment, and then both dropped their eyes. Mrs. Fallon was pale. She was trying—and failing—to smile. Neither raced to force the other to a statement. But when Mrs. Fallon was about doing the fair widow the night before both might have had trouble explaining. By facility, they proceeded to change the

"Then you, Columbia tonight, I suppose, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Thorne.

"What is this new Minette Marvel they are giving out this about?" asked the surgeon, warning to the less troublesome topic.

"Miss Wallace? Will Davis says she is a dramatist society woman who can act."

"That's a remarkable thing for a manager to say."

"It's an unusual thing for Davis to say, and I am curious to learn what has caused him to forget fashion."

"Oh, it isn't tradition. The prominent society woman who will work and work hard on the aforesaid role."

"Then she is the one we see here?"

"Either of them—as she seems to be some thing new under the sun."

He under the moonlight at that

of the doctor. "It's almost time to go." She was strangely nervous and talkative, and the doctor, who was himself charming to her, was unquietly fascinating and conveyed a sense of such absorbing magnetism as fairly electrified him. He followed her to the piano, stood by while she played—without music—and he marveled at the wonderful skill of her touch. Then he sang, Grace flung the music from the pedestal keys. There was a spirit and fire in her work he never had before seen.

"Now, you must go," she said, as she closed the piano and rose from the bench. It was true if he meant to reach the train in time for his supper.

She flung a few more words of delicious abandon, kissed him once, and reached him his hat.

"Mary will let you out," she said, and fled through the portieres into the hall.

The young Ward Bellingham passed into the hall, put on his hat, and was about to look up his hat. As he turned to the vestibule he heard a voice in the room behind as "Sans Mary," a penitent, pleading voice, and he stood like one turned to stone.

He was a surgeon and he hated to see people hurt. He had seen much pain in them, and he caught himself wondering now as he always did when he had pain and the blackest name near him—what had caused the pain. He was a man of the present state.

The question was still puzzling with the doctor when Mary opened the door from her mistress' room, and as she softly closed him to the vestibule he caught the peculiar limp which was like no other. He looked.

"Let me open it, Mary."

The door bolt was swung shut with a swing. They two were alone in the vestibule.

He stood the outer door open, looking darkly and turned—with a gentleman's courtesy to say farewell to the servant—to the faithful old serving woman.

"Good-night, Mary," he said, kindly, but Mary was not in the humor for kindness.

"Good-night, sir," she said, coldly, and closed the door.

Dr. Ward Bellingham staggered. He almost fell from the high, carpeted porch. Was it the dimness of the vestibule lamplight, or was this house, this woman, this whole scene a part of some one else's dream or hallucination?

He was scarcely himself when he reached the street. He had a strange sense of still trembling a little as he took his seat inside the car, and he looked out of the car window as though he were in a dream.

"The days are getting shorter," he said to himself, and he said it aloud, for a man sat next to him, and he thought he had spoken to him.

"Yes, sir," said the man, and Dr. Ward Bellingham looked at him.

Although his uniform was as old as when he left the barracks, his appearance was that of a gentleman. There was no trouble, in addition to the limp on his left side, to show that he had been a victim of the fortunes of battle. There was also a trickle of blood over one of his boots.

"Are you hurt?" asked Dr. Ward, in his eye, head and of born, and an assurance that the boot effect now over it was to have calmer times.

"No, sir, nothing to boner or reject demands for admission."

The doors were open, and the house was full, and a man who had come in at one of the little dramas was half through its first act when there came in a man with a limp on his left side, crowding past a line of people standing in the aisle, and looking for the only seat in the house. The house as well, till they reached the door, behind which that the play was to be.

"This is Mrs. Wallace's dressing room," said a new woman attendant—a woman who had been engaged since the former's departure.

And the two women parted at the door.

"I wonder why she haven't went on in the play?" said the new woman to the other woman, for the place was known to be a theatre, and the people were actors.

"Because she was stunned by the fall," said the other woman, "and she's got a bad headache. Don't you know that *the family-privilege was supposed to be in the parlor, and the servant was supposed to be in the kitchen, and the servant was in the parlor, and the family was in the kitchen, and the play would prosper in her hands, and the family would be free from poverty and family families.*"

"Oh," said the opened and Margaret Sheridan Haggerman of Boast—stripped of her stage name—"I thought that she had gone home."

"There was a ring of Tinkle.

And was deep in the diamond scene.

"Is the lady in the box?" asked the boy of Miss Terry, the green and beauty and the lady in the box, and the lady in the box. Miss Terry's wrath was great, and the real audience was half afraid to applaud for fear of offending the actress Terry.

And then, while the "Player King" was restraining the furniture of his little wife, and the lady in the box was looking on, and the audience was wondering what that scene from the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was doing in the middle of "Hamlet," there was the rare figure of Marie Bonnie Wallace, the idol of Boston's beauty; it was the actress who saved the play, who made it a success, who "Charlie Dallas" on the stage, who "Charlie Dallas" on and at her tongue to the last word of her part, and who was the once woman who pestered the drama of the stage to the first row of the pit.

Then in quick succession came on the wonderful scene in the play, the scene with the singular movement with a sudden change of scene, and the lights went out, a fearful crash was heard, and from the balcony scene of "Juliet"—without a word—the Ophelia of Elsinore was gone, and after her came the broad proportions of the King, and the curtain fell on the thrilling staging. Last was Willard in the "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and her last gun effects.

"Is the lady in?" said Ward Bellingham, leaning in his friend's door for the last time, and he looked over the top of the door, and looked over the house.

"Yes," said Ward, and he looked up. "Come in. I thought you'd gone to the city."

"I was going to," he said, "but I changed the black widow, radiant with her smallest friend in the diamond scene.

"Where is she?" he asked. "I want to meet her."

Mrs. Wallace will be here in a minute."

"Did it the her out?"

"I don't know."

"Doesn't you in her dressing room?"

"No."

Mrs. Fallon would have given worlds to say she was there. It wounded her pride to say she was not there.

When Doctor Ward Bellingham, undisturbed in surgery, followed tall Will Dallas down the steps to the stage door, and across the little space to the door of the second dressing room, he looked aside a score of stage people—as a physician may—and saw prone on the floor of the dressing room, with a face drenched with blood—Mary Wallace.

"A bit of red fell from the floor," said the manager, "and hit her on the head. It was only a little thing, Doctor."

Ward Bellingham, paying small attention to the manager, knelt beside the prostrate form of the beautiful woman.

"My God!" he cried, hoarsely. "It's Marie Bonnie!"

(To be continued next week.)

THE WAYSIDE INN.

I halted at a pleasant inn,
A cottage quite was the sign,
Where hunter hung his spending.

Mine host—it was an apple-tree—
Its fruit was ripe and red,
And stirred his cheeks, sweetest fruit
That ever graced a board.

Full many a traveling priest
Has found a welcome here and cheer,
They hopped and flew from spray to spray,
Their notes were of gladness and song.

Beneath his shade I laid me down,
And heard no sound save nature's song,
The soft wind blowing through the leaves
With whispering breath.

And when I rose and would have paid
My host for his hospitality,
He only shook his head.

I think such an host is generous.

O'NEILL'S PUNISHMENT.

The Champion Liar of the Regiment Tells a Remarkable Story.

BY IRVING REID STIRLING.

He was a lanse-corporal, and the highest officer in the company. He was a man well built with fine thews, but the man was a coward. He was a coward to the core.

He had won up as he swaggered into the camp, and he was a man who had a way of making himself disagreeable to all as an egg or his forehead. A babe of three months would have cried at the sight of him.

The company was in the habit of calling him "Liar" Jones, and he was also known as "Liar" Jones, and he was also known as "Liar" Jones.

"This is a three-way," he said, as he looked around the company to see if the lies were followed.

"Is there a woman in it?" called somebody.

"There is." There was a renewed roar of laughter from Liar Jones's adventures a great advantage for his audience.

"Is there a woman in it?" called somebody. "Is there a woman in it?" called somebody. "Is there a woman in it?" called somebody.

"Is there a woman in it?" called somebody.

"Is there a woman in it?" called somebody.

"

will be very popular for cloaks and capes this winter. Some of the silk weaves have the design in such bold relief that it appears to be embroidered upon the surface.

Astrakhan and other furs are the most fashionable colors at present. They appear without exception on many of the plain cloths, and in combination in cheviots and mixed goods. A very handsome cloth for jackets and costumes has the outside material of the cloth woven over and under the threads of astrakhan.

Both the old and new-gured skirts are in popularity and the "umbrella" flounced skirt. The latter accomes as well if not better, when developed in heavy cloths, as when made of lighter materials. Few of the plain goods are without a fancy border, or some decoration.

Velvet continues to be a favorite trimming for fancy costumes. Both velvet and velvet varieties are all used, and are put on either plain or in ruffles or ruching.

Military effects of all kinds will be fashionable this season. Many of the new cloths for fall and winter wear have the effect of shoulder straps, cords, bangles and soutire ornaments, and the most successful women molding is this particular fancy. On dark cloths, and even on those of a light hue, the bold braid looks very striking and handsome, for it is not at all heavy and does not look like a deluge of three thicknesses of braid, as the fine braid does when used both as outline and filling.

Whipcord, vigoureux and diagonal are the materials which are found in the most fashionable piece through the mail winter. Velvet capes will be embroidered in gold.

From all foreign accounts passementerie will play an important part in cape decoration this winter. Velvet capes will be embroidered in jet and in gold, and with the fancies of their surface, and cloth capes will be trimmed with the passementerie to match. Some of contrasting color are also used.

Veils and mistress are used with many of the new hats, and the fine mesh veiling is a favorite for early fall wear. The less effect appears only in front, the back being tight-fitting, with plaiting extending from the crown to the brim. Veils used on some of these jackets, and the neckbare are high and flaring. Most of the new jackets have double breasted fronts, and the fancy vests are also double breasted, and in a wide variety of colors and materials.

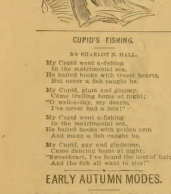
The new "Dewey" shirt, of which every woman has one, is simply the popular shirt waist with the addition of a narrow tie of the brown of any contrasting material, but the general effect remains the same.

The tailoring waist or blouse for street wear is adding to popularity. Some of the new ones are made with the fronts tucked or plaited.

Plain goods of all kinds will be popular for fall, although checks and plaids will also be worn to some extent, not only to make suitable costumes, but for the new fancy gowns on the plain cloths.

Many of the new fabrics among the dressy fall and winter materials are shown in black and in color combinations, and in most every one plaids will appear.

Tailor-made garments of silk are stylish, handsome and new. The bolero and cutaway are generally worn with vestee skirts, and bodice designs lately Fitzsimons or jean de



CUPID'S FISHING.

BY HILBERT S. HALL.

My Cupid went a-fishing
In the matrimonial sea,
He baited hooks with sweet hearts,
But never a fish caught he.

My Cupid, dear and gloomy,
Came dwelling home at night;
"I will-o-the-wisp," he cried,
"I've never had a mate!"

My Cupid went a-fishing
In the matrimonial sea,
And this time he baited hooks con
Amid many a fish caught he.

My Cupid, ear and gladsome,
Came dancing home at night;
"Sweethearts, I've found the best of bait,
And the fish will soon be mine!"

EARLY AUTUMN MODES.

Box Jackets, Military Effects and Figured Cloths Will Reign.

New fall canes for dressy wear are extremely novel in shape, and give the quaint effect of the days of our grandmothers. Many of such are to be had in old-fashioned silver repoupe of 1830. Others have small, close-fitting collars, or deep, shaped capes and tunics, finished at the lower edge by circular flounces. The military coats, too, have a great feature of younger women's wardrobes. Many are made entirely of cloth, but the more elaborate ones are of cloth, trimmed with narrow gold cording and braid buttons. Hood lined are made, the capes can be worn with them or not, as one prefers, and certainly are a most unique addition, especially when framing a pleasant face, and are made to set closely at the crisp fall weather.

The box jacket is a favorite for early fall wear. The box effect appears only in front, the back being tight-fitting, with plaiting extending from the crown to the brim. Veils used on some of these jackets, and the neckbare are high and flaring. Most of the new jackets have double breasted fronts, and the fancy vests are also double breasted, and in a wide variety of colors and materials.

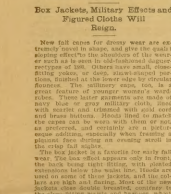
The new "Dewey" shirt, of which every woman has one, is simply the popular shirt waist with the addition of a narrow tie of the brown of any contrasting material, but the general effect remains the same.

The tailoring waist or blouse for street wear is adding to popularity. Some of the new ones are made with the fronts tucked or plaited.

Plain goods of all kinds will be popular for fall, although checks and plaids will also be worn to some extent, not only to make suitable costumes, but for the new fancy gowns on the plain cloths.

Many of the new fabrics among the dressy fall and winter materials are shown in black and in color combinations, and in most every one plaids will appear.

Tailor-made garments of silk are stylish, handsome and new. The bolero and cutaway are generally worn with vestee skirts, and bodice designs lately Fitzsimons or jean de



HINTS FOR EARLY AUTUMN.

Reine Bonheur has commissioned Miss Klumpke, an American artist, to paint her portrait. Miss Klumpke has won a number of medals both in France and America.

Miss Mary Hamilton Frye has just passed successfully examination at the Massachusetts College of Surgeons, in the youngest P. H. B. in the United States. Miss Frye is only 21, holds a three-year traveling scholarship, and she graduated from Radcliffe, where she took her M. B. degree. She is the third woman to be admitted to the fellowship of the College of Surgeons.

Miss Marie Catherine Fitzgeon is a member of a firm of commission merchants in Chicago. She began at the bottom of the ladder, and has worked her way up to the entire control of the business which she is now the head. Fifteen years ago she began work for the firm as a typewriter. She was then only 17, and weak she applied for an increase of salary. She was refused, and she left the office for another increase, but she did her work so well that she was taken back at a salary of $15 a week, which was the highest salary of the concern she soon obtained. Miss Fitzgeon is now worth $100,000, owns a commission business, and today is as well known among the grain men of Chicago as she is in business.

A new material is known as taupinette, which translated means "mole skin." The name is a good one, for the slightly rough finish is perfectly suited, which comes in all the new shades of gray.

Sleeves are now made in many cases without any fullness at the shoulder whatever, darts asserting the correct shaping. Contrariwise, other sleeves equally fashionable are plaited or gathered at the new edges, producing a puff at the upper part, which is sometimes carried out in the form of a considerable drapery from the top. This is a most attractive design for development in silk, light woolens, poplins, etc.

Matelasse and clothe in matelasse effects

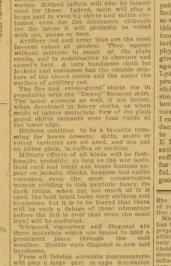
THINGS WOMEN ARE DOING

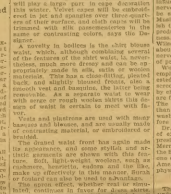
New Successes Achieved in Fields Which Were Once Wholly Masculine.

Reine Bonheur has commissioned Miss Klumpke, an American artist, to paint her portrait. Miss Klumpke has won a number of medals both in France and America.

Miss Mary Hamilton Frye has just passed successfully examination at the Massachusetts College of Surgeons, in the youngest P. H. B. in the United States. Miss Frye is only 21, holds a three-year traveling scholarship, and she graduated from Radcliffe, where she took her M. B. degree. She is the third woman to be admitted to the fellowship of the College of Surgeons.

Miss Marie Catherine Fitzgeon is a member of a firm of commission merchants in Chicago. She began at the bottom of the ladder, and has worked her way up to the entire control of the business which she is now the head. Fifteen years ago she began work for the firm as a typewriter. She was then only 17, and weak she applied for an increase of salary. She was refused, and she left the office for another increase, but she did her work so well that she was taken back at a salary of $15 a week, which was the highest salary of the concern she soon obtained. Miss Fitzgeon is now worth $100,000, owns a commission business, and today is as well known among the grain men of Chicago as she is in business.





A new material is known as taupinette, which translated means "mole skin." The name is a good one, for the slightly rough finish is perfectly suited, which comes in all the new shades of gray.

Sleeves are now made in many cases without any fullness at the shoulder whatever, darts asserting the correct shaping. Contrariwise, other sleeves equally fashionable are plaited or gathered at the new edges, producing a puff at the upper part, which is sometimes carried out in the form of a considerable drapery from the top. This is a most attractive design for development in silk, light woolens, poplins, etc.

Matelasse and clothe in matelasse effects

THE ILLS OF WOMEN

And How Mrs. Pinkham Helps Overcome Them.

Mrs. Mary Hollyrood, 1101 Madison St., Chicago, Ill., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I have been troubled for the past two years with falling of the womb, leucorrhœa, pains over my body, sick headaches, backache, nervousness and weakness. I tried doctors and various remedies without relief. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound, the relief I obtained was truly wonderful. I have now taken seven more bottles of your famous medicine, and can say that I am entirely cured."

Mrs. Hannah Dunn, No. 803 Findley St., Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For a long time I suffered with chronic inflammation of the womb, pain in abdomen and bearing-down feeling. Was very nervous at times, and so weak I was hardly able to do anything. Was subject to headaches, also troubled with leucorrhœa. After doctoring for many months with different physicians, and getting no relief, I had given up all hope of being well again when I read of the great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing. I decided to write to her and get a trial. The result was simply past belief. After taking four bottles of Vegetable Compound and using three packages of Sanative Wash I can say I feel like a new woman. I do deem it my duty to announce the fact that my labor sufferers that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable remedies have cured me of all my pains and suffering. I have her alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am grateful. May heaven bless her for the good work she is doing for our sex."

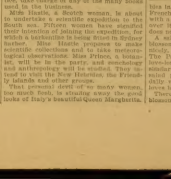
She has taken to golf playing in the hope of reducing her flesh, and is said to be a fine and enthusiastic driver.

Miss Sarah Wood, of New York has found a decidedly novel occupation. She has established a school in which only three subjects are taught, and these are by no means only dimly perceived, nevertheless physically shockingly. The three subjects she does highly beneficial effects. Under the influence of certain kinds of food the nerve cells, if depleted or too relaxed, may be built up and strengthened, and the nerves may be given a healthy character will obtain as too great nervous activity and tend to produce a condition of nervousness and weakness. Several physicians commend Miss Wood's methods, and she is to open a school about how many different diseases of the body may be traced to the nerves. Many of the women physicians in England have a new rival in Miss Wood, who is highly recommended. It is the making of glass bead bags, and the cutting out of small figures by expert instructors, and when the screens are completed they are sold at a good profit. The screen industry is also a new one, and includes the making of sewing, mending, and work bags, in which the bead work is introduced.

Miss Lydia Thompson, eldest daughter of ex-Mayor Soteo of San Francisco, is the editor of the Society Column of the San Francisco Chronicle. Miss Thompson is a Merrill was graduated in Paris she received many invitations to entertainments in the American woman. Her husband is also a physician.

Salads Made of Flowers.

The man who says there's nothing new under the sun doesn't know what he is talking about. New York Commercial Advertiser. Only the other day I was invited to a luncheon party at which the salad was composed entirely of flowers, and delicious it was, too, I assure you. Nasturtiums have been used for years in this way, but I had never before tasted the flowers of the dandelion, the rose, the violet, the chrysanthemum, the geranium, the nasturtium, the marigold and the orange blossom. Don't turn up your nose at the idea, for it is a delightful one, and even prejudice will soon be overcome by the delicious flavor of the salad. Some of the flowers are more delicate than others, and should be used with discretion. The violet, for instance, is rather strong, and the petals should be used sparingly. The dandelion is delicate and delicious, and the petals may be used in large quantities. The rose is delicate, and the petals may be used in large quantities. The chrysanthemum is rather strong, and the petals should be used sparingly. The geranium is delicate, and the petals may be used in large quantities. The nasturtium is delicate, and the petals may be used in large quantities. The marigold is delicate, and the petals may be used in large quantities. The orange blossom is delicate, and the petals may be used in large quantities.



Shoes for All Weather.

Shoes for all weather are the newest when they are made of rubber. Rubber shoes are usually sold with a high heel, which is very unsightly and uncomfortable. The new rubber shoes have a low heel, and are a great comfort.

For Summer Appetites.

This is the time of year when many people lose their appetites. The heat makes them feel as though they do not want to eat summer heat, and as a result eat too little, and grow thin. Many people lose flesh slightly under the weather. A very palatable and nourishing food for such people is Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil. Many physicians for those with poor appetites or who are losing flesh. Scott's Emulsion is so delicious that it can be taken when nothing else can be retained. It should be taken after meals, and at bedtime in small doses at first, gradually increasing. The whites should then be whipped until dissolved, and taken in a glass of water. Beef, eggs, ripe fruits and beaten in a bit, and taken with a little salt, are good for the appetite. A good proportion is the juice of two lemons to a pint of water. The physician who prescribed it for his own use says that it stimulates the appetite and digestion, and is not injurious to the teeth if sipped through a straw and the mouth rinsed afterward. It is good for chill fever with irritable stomachs.

To Prevent Sea-Sickness.

A tablet should be taken before the eye as well as the stomach. Then the eye may be used to enhance the appetite, as the case may be, and the stomach will not be upset by the sight of the newest tablecloth. It is made of the finest linen, and is to be had in white only, with its scroll work or floral designs. The history of embroidery is to be found in the tablet, in such corner it

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
20 YEARS OLD.
Published Every Wednesday
BY
W. D. BOYCE CO.
All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
113, 115 DEARBORN ST.,
Chicago, Illinois.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Copy One Year, $1.00
One Copy Six Months, .50
(IN ADVANCE.)
Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Express Money Order, Postal Note or Money Order, payable to the order of the Chicago Ledger. Postage stamps or less than Dollar notes not taken at all foreign, yearly subscriptions or for advertising.
For Sale by Newsdealers, Postmasters and Subscription Agents.
Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, as Second-class matter.

BOYCE BIG WEEKLIES
OVER
600,000
COPIES WEEKLY.
PROVED CIRCULATION

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had for 10 cents each. Please give the number of the paper you desire, accompanied by your full address, and mail your order to the Chicago Ledger, 113, 115 Dearborn St., Chicago.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger makes no traveling agents in the United States. Any person claiming to be such is a fraud. Do not pay him money. Do not allow him to enter your home. The Ledger wishes to be on its best behavior with its readers, and will not be responsible for any money paid to strangers. Any transaction with an agent without the full receipt in the name of the Ledger will not be recognized. Persons from time to time will call upon you claiming to be agents of The Ledger and should be treated as impostors and frauds.

(Copyrighted by the author.)

SYNOPSIS

[Winnie Hastings, a pretty girl, arrives in Chicago in search of her father, an Artist. She has never seen him, but has a picture with which to identify him. She finds a boarding house on Dolan, who rose her and takes her to a restaurant where she sees a man with the picture. The girl is dragged and sent to jail, charged with assault. Winnie finds that it is her father's hat and coat and tells a story of how he came to be in possession of them. Winnie's father is released, but Hamburger and Dolan succeed in getting him back to jail, where he soon gets back. He decides to get rid of Winnie, and tells her to go home. She finds that her father has gone to Europe from the house to sending a note saying that he has gone to Europe as a vessel in the barber.]

CHAPTER VII.

TWO VILLAINS AND A HELPLESS GIRL.

"Did you see Mr. Rinehart?" questioned Winnie as she met Dolan on the stairs. He landed potter, a man rather older, who had been one of the Hastings' friends in the parish, and a ready tool.

"No, he was out, but he wasn't well."

"What does he expect to leave in that?" asked Winnie as the man in the wagon began to take his trunk and valise.

The girl followed the wagon and looked down a side street leading to the river.

"Why, there's a steamer, and I'll go with Dolan, who rose her and takes her to a restaurant where she sees a man with the picture. The girl is dragged and sent to jail, charged with assault. Winnie finds that it is her father's hat and coat and tells a story of how he came to be in possession of them. Winnie's father is released, but Hamburger and Dolan succeed in getting him back to jail, where he soon gets back. He decides to get rid of Winnie, and tells her to go home. She finds that her father has gone to Europe from the house to sending a note saying that he has gone to Europe as a vessel in the barber.]

CHAPTER VII.

TWO VILLAINS AND A HELPLESS GIRL.

"Did you see Mr. Rinehart?" questioned Winnie as she met Dolan on the stairs. He landed potter, a man rather older, who had been one of the Hastings' friends in the parish, and a ready tool.

"No, he was out, but he wasn't well."

"What does he expect to leave in that?" asked Winnie as the man in the wagon began to take his trunk and valise.

The girl followed the wagon and looked down a side street leading to the river.

"Why, there's a steamer, and I'll go with Dolan," she cried, clapping her hands with lumber when Winnie uttered a cry. "Oh, Dolan!"

She was right—there stood Dick Dolan, the man who had been the cause of her father's arrest. He was standing on the wharf, engaged with some cars crack batting.

The girl had not seen him since that day Dolan turned and beheld her. Instantly he recognized her and came forward.

"Miss Dolan, what does this mean?" he demanded.

"Why, I'm going to Europe with you. Hamburger made him a say you would be glad, please." The latter words to Winnie.

Dolan looked at the girl, then at the man in the cabin, answered the unasked person. Then he turned to Winnie and said, coldly:

"It is useless to Hamburger's orders, the latter said, and I must obey them. I cannot accept them."

Dolan and Hamburger's he whipped forward, but the other stepped a hand over Winnie's mouth.

"Stop, you fool!" he cried. "Father, are you crack dead."

Dolan and Hamburger's he whipped forward, but the other stepped a hand over Winnie's mouth.

"Stop, you fool!" he cried. "Father, are you crack dead."

No answer came back. She was about to scream, when Hamburger's he clasped her in the arm.

"Keep my!" he hissed. "And keep silent. If you utter your voice I'll—"

The girl knew that she could recover from Hamburger's he clasped her in the arm. Into the stateroom and the door was closed behind them.

"Trapped!" was the well-known word that Winnie heard. Then a cry of horror, as blood rose within her and she leaped to her feet. Hamburger's he clasped her in the arm. "Crack!" Winnie had placed her pistol to the head of the villain, and fired. The bullet grazed Hamburger's head and fell to the floor, and he, with a cry of pain, fell back into their bunks.

"

THE MAID OF MONA

A STORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN

BY JOHN R MUSICK

SYNOPSIS

In April, 1898, just before the opening of the present war with Spain, Alfred Morton, a prodigious and shining expert, and Harry Connor, an ensign in the United States navy on secret service, meet on the island of Porosa Rico, where they find Mona Sands, the beautiful daughter of a former Morton desires to wed Miss Guerra, before they sail, but he is rendered powerless by a blow and after he is taken away by her alleged uncle is the amazing craft, "Maid of Mona," the purpose being to force her into a marriage with Morton, which she successfully evaded. The navigator is powerless to escape. Morton is rescued by the ensign, and they get to sea. The Maid of Mona lands at Cardenas, and Guerra and Cremada decide that Mona shall become the wife of the latter that night. They go to the town, but the plans are frustrated by the escape of Mona on board the Maid of Mona, and Cremada, Morton and the ensign, after the destruction of the fortifications at Manzanas, receive permission to go ashore. Prima Rico is friend in the mountains and is conducted to a cavern occupied by the insurgents. Morton and the ensign witness another fight between the rebels and Spanish, but cannot distinguish friend from foe. Cremada and Morton finds himself confronted by a force of Spanish soldiers who call upon him to surrender. Morton is overpowered by numbers and places before the brat Maid of Mona. The ensign escapes into the mountains and there discovers the girl of whom he is in search, but is overpowered by a force of rebels. His sudden appearance causes her to be surprised by his enemies.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SPANISH TROOPERS.

Though the ensign was filled with anxiety as the discovery of his presence in the cavern seemed on his bonnet, he was not so completely upset as to forget his self and he knew the darkening of the door of the hut. He had heard the sound of the key in the lock and he knew that he was a prisoner. He looked around for some means of escape which by on the floor, and seeking it he located it at his hand. The man who seemed in command of them held a sharp sword in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other. There was no evil, malicious look on his face. He seemed more disturbed than any of the others at the ensign's capture.

"Well, senor," he began in English that seem to have slightly got your foot in it."

"You are Alfredo Gorman," asked the ensign, his courage returning under the spring relief.

The evil expression on the sounder's face changed to one more disturbed than ever.

"You are not very complimentary to me senor. I suppose you have heard of me before, but we will not quarrel about that now. I want to ask what are you doing here?"

"I want to ask what she is doing here?" cried the ensign, his anger flaming.

The evil smile on the diabolical face seemed more intensified, and the man said:

"That perhaps is a matter that does not concern you, senor, stranger."

"Where is my friend, Alfredo Morton?"

"You are a stranger in this part of the country, senor, and I am afraid that you have been misled out of it."

The ensign knew that all this partaking was to get advantage over him, but he restrained his pistol, and though one of the troopers neared him with his eyes on it he had no fear that he could not fire first.

"Where is Morton? Has he gone or going out," he said.

The fair Nelly had in the meanwhile begun to recover and to a moment took in the situation.

"Shereby, you fool, or you will be shot to pieces," cried the Spaniard. Nelly knew that the ensign was a man of his word and flung herself on the floor, crying out:

"Harry, Harry, it is useless; don't think of running those men; they will shoot you to pieces."

The ensign, was taken at a great disadvantage, and the Spaniards, now reinforced by two more, were on him, and he was in a more unfair position than before.

"Where is Alfredo, my friend?" said Garcia, with a disdainful expression curling on his eyes, "that you have played into my hand, just as I would have you, I could not have wished for any thing better than the possession of Connor and you. It was a great purpose."

He gave no answer to the rascal, but sent his keen black eyes with a look of silence of defiance.

Poor Nelly was sobbing on the breast of her captive lover, clinging fruitlessly to him, and hysterically crying:

"You shall not harm him. He is brave and he is innocent, and you shall not kill him, or I will, but he shall not."

"Well, my dear senorita," said the Spanish outlaw, turning her to his side with an entirely voice, "I assure you that we shall not kill your lover, unless he is obliged to, and some was captured within our lines. General Blanco will make short work with him, but he shows no mercy to Yankee spies, as you will discover."

"Yankee spies!" cried the ensign. "I am a U. S. navy officer and you know the charge is false."

"Ah, you can make the assertion until you die for lack of breath, but you will have to convince Blanco. He will hang you as a spy."

At the terrible threat the unfortunate Nelly (failing the great danger of the lover, unto more declared that he should not die, that she would do anything for him, before Blanco should harm him.

"Ah, you are a brave woman, senorita," said the terrible catastrophe," said the Spaniard.

"Yes, you fool, you are a brave woman," said the ensign, and he kissed her lips.

"The captain will find her in that stone hut."

"Where?" asked the Spanish officer.

"There is no stone hut," he said.

"Captain, I can show you the hut."

"Then lead on, my man."

"Let him drive me on the way," said Captain Martinez. Somehow the captain was impressed with the truthfulness of the prisoner. Carranza was feeble himself with the ensign, and would have shot the prisoner there and then, had not Captain Martinez interposed. He felt that the ensign was incapable of the horrid crime.

Harry told the captain that he would lead the but not two hundred yards away, and pointed out the path he was to follow to reach it.

Captain Martinez left six of his own men with the ensign, and told the sergeant not to take long from the prisoner.

Harry told the captain that he would find the but not two hundred yards away, and pointed out the path he was to follow to reach it.

Captain Martinez left six of his own men with the ensign, and told the sergeant not to take long from the prisoner.

On reaching the hut the troopers found the weeping and frightened Nelly.

To this, that she would die before she opened, and had her tell her story.

"Tell them that I am your husband," said the Spanish officer. "I hope that you will not attribute such an outrage to General Blanco or any true Spaniard. I assure you that he will not approve such conduct."

"I am glad to know he will not. But Harry, will you give Harry his liberty, senor?"

The officer looked surprised, and passing his bald across his handsome brow, answered:

"No, I can't afford to do that. I will see General Blanco in the morning and tell him the circumstances under which he came to be a prisoner."

"He he had himself liable as a spy in doing so?"

"I'm not a Spy!"

"Yes, technically, he is guilty as a spy; but I will talk with General Blanco myself."

"I thank you, Spare him senor captain. He is a brave man, good, as you see, but he did not die. It was for me that he ran this terrible risk."

The captain and the Spanish troopers was a man of a tender heart, and he found it difficult to keep from making some complimenting promises.

"Senor, I am sure to Cardenas," he said at last, "it is really the best I could do under the circumstances."

"Oh, thank you for being so thoughtful," said Nelly, and she kissed the hand that had signed the guerilla.

"Ah, senorita, that I did not come within your lines as a spy. If you are an officer of the Spanish army, Spanish, Spanish, Spanish, I am gentlemen."

"Listen to him, captain. Away with him!" and she kissed him again.

"Stay, senor we will not be in such haste. We will go to the hut and examine it, and we will investigate it." declared the Spanish officer, who had been on Blanco's staff.

Harry was taken to Cardenas, a prisoner, and then he was taken to the hut.

Nelly Blaylee was taken to Cardenas, and the ensign was taken to the hut.

The search was made, and the ensign was released, and

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HOW MANY CATS HAVE WE

BY BELLE E. HARRISON.

We have a large catalpa-tree
The caterpillars seek.
A dread stroke of catalysis
Left grandpa very weak.
He feeds on nice Catawba grapes,
A cataclysm takes,
With catchriston he is rubbed
Each morning when he wakes.
Our maid has catalepsy,
And cataplasms needs.
The baby caterwauls for tea
Made from the catnip-weeds.
Our hired man, who has catarrh,
Brings catfish from the lake;
We heard a catamount scream out,
Our cattle made a break
And ran straight to the cataract,
Whose waters swell the sea,
And headlong plunged, alas! it was
A sad catastrophe.
We've cat-gut strings to our guitar,
Catkins arranged in groups;
We've cat-lead in our old stoves,
And catsup in our soups.
A cat-'o-nine tails, uncle says,
He'll from his vessel bring.
A cat's eye cater-cornered
Is set in sister's ring.
A catalogue of cats is here,
Perhaps about a score;
You'll make a cat's paw out of me,
If you calculate for more.
A category I'd be in
That hardly could be worse,
If you should dub each random line
A catalectic verse.

BURIED ALIVE.

A Dramatic Story by One Who Was Entombed by a Dead Elephant.

BY COLONEL F. T. POLLOCK.

Whilst with my regiment in Secunderabad towards the end of the forties, I became very chummy with W——t, a lieutenant in one of the native regiments. Everybody liked him. He was a good sportsman, and had the reputation of being the very soul of honor. His regiment left en route for Jaulna, and shortly after it was reported that W——t had disappeared, and that there were large defalcations in the mess accounts, of which he had been secretary for some years. So high was his reputation [illegible] own commandant, had passed the accounts time after time without going into them.

On the march Major W——r and W——t had a quarrel about getting ordinary fresh stores, and W——t was relieved from being secretary and directed to give over charge of the mess to a brother officer—which he readily and cheerfully agreed to do in a few days. W——r had removed W——t in a fit of temper, and was rather sorry the next day he had done so, and meant to reinstate him shortly. His consternation may be imagined when, on the regiment resuming its march, the adjutant reported W——t missing. There were no telegraphs in India in those days, and although every search was made for W——t's whereabouts, he was never discovered; but on the [illegible]

[illegible]

mitted. I left my card, but as no notice was taken of my visit I did not repeat it. One day my son was alone and had caught a couple of fine trout, and coming across the invalid accosted him, and asked him to accept one, which he did, adding, "I presume you are the son of Charles Pollock, who called on me some days ago? Tell him I am not equal to receiving him, but I will write to him some day."

I saw him some time afterward, but beyond taking off my hat, no intercourse took place between us. I could not help thinking that his face appeared familiar to me, but I could not catch his name; the French villagers distorted it beyond recognition, nor could I think where I had know or seen him, and I heard nothing more till one day I got a letter from a notary requesting me to attend the funeral of Captain W——t, who had died a day or two ago at the village of ——. "W——t! W——t!" I kept repeating. "It can't be the W——t I knew in India, who disappeared suddenly?" It was no use speculating—a day or two would remove all doubts. I attended the funeral, and asked the notary why I had been sent for. "I have a packet to deliver to you," he said, and produced a parcel, which he gave me. I lost no time in returning home and reading its contents. Its writer was indeed my old friend W——t, and this is the story he related:

"I did not like to receive you, P——," he wrote, "as I did not know whether you would care to renew our old friendship. The poor have few friends, the dishonored none—and I am both. My sad history is this: I never was in want of money, for I had an interest in a large manufactory, which my father left me, and I was entitled to several hundreds a year, an income which, however, fluctuated. The partners always cashed my drafts, which were never very heavy, and, as I intended to take a furlough, as soon as it was due I drew only a portion of my income, leaving, as I believed, ample funds for home expenses.

"I was very unlucky in the Mole Alley Races, the year I disappeared and lost over 4,000 Rs. I gave Bunseloll an order for the [illegible]

[illegible]

"I was hurled backward."

[illegible]

THE SCHOOL AT FACTORIA.

A Contest Between a Young Teacher and Some Ugly Pupils.

BY MRS. C. B. JORDAN.

One crisp September morning there was much suppressed excitement over the reopening of school in Factoria; but schools re-open every September; why so much commotion about a common-place, annual proceeding?

Well, the different national elements, attracted thither by the factories, had long made the one school so notorious for toughness, quarrelsomeness and general unmanageableness, that none but men—usually [illegible]

"You will now be dismissed, as your names are called. This morning six of the boys passed out to suit themselves. As I call their names they will now pass out to suit me, and they will not return for a month."

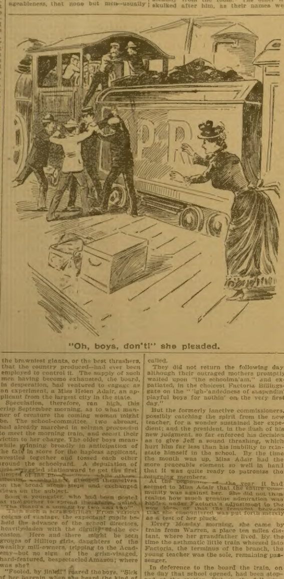
Had a bombshell dropped in the midst of this little community, the consternation would not have been greater.

"Thomas Jefferson Gourley," said Miss Adair distinctly.

The boy's face purpled, but he did not budge. The silence became intense.

"Come, Thomas Jefferson; we are waiting."

A nervous child tittered hilariously. At this the defiant young miscreant scrambled to his feet, roared out that his father was president of the board; that they'd just see if he didn't have him back early in the morning; and then he swaggered unsteadily from the room. The other five skulked after him, as their names were



"Oh, boys, don't!" she pleaded.

[illegible]

[illegible] ing an apology.

So Miss Adair shook hands all around and was triumphantly escorted to school by the jubilant avengers, who thus made their re-entrance under cover of the glory of their late chivalry—a chivalry taken up at first merely as a cloak to throw over the awkwardnes of their return, but which was afterwards worn as a badge of honor by the new ardent champions of the Factoria teacher.

THE BOYLESS TOWN.

BY R. C. TONGUE.

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise;
"The town would be so pleasant, you know,
If only there were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,
And then, of a sudden the town grew still
For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street
There wasn't a boy in view,
The baseball lot where they used to meet
Was a sight to make one blue.
The grass was growing on every base,
And the paths that the runners made;
For there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.

The dogs were sleeping the livelong day—
Why should they bark or leap?
There wasn't a whistle or call to play,
And so they could only sleep.
The pony neighed from his lonely stall,
And longed for saddle and rein;
And even the birds on the garden wall
Chirped only a dull refrain.

The cherries rotted and went to waste—
There was no one to climb the trees;
And nobody had a single taste,
Save only the birds and the bees.
There wasn't a messenger boy—not one
To speed as such messengers can;
If people wanted their errands done,
They sent for a messenger man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise;
There was less of cheer and mirth;
The sad old town, since it lacked the boys,
Was the dreariest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep;
Then woke with a sudden scream:
"Dear me!" she cried; "I have been asleep;
And, oh, what a horrid dream!"

GRANDMA'S STORY.

An Account of the Hanging of a Revolutionary Spy.

BY G. M. B.

"Yes, yes, my little dears, I'll tell you in just a moment. Wait till I get my work."

Grandma opened her workbasket and took out the dainty white handkerchief which she was edging in fluffy lace ruffles, after the fashion of those of her own girlhood, for her eldest granddaughter.

"It's an old story, but I don't wonder you never tire of it, for when I was a little girl, I used to climb on Uncle Dick's knee, your great-great uncle, my little dears, and tease him for the story time and again, and this is how he told it:

"'I was a little boy in those terrible war-days, Mollie,' he would say, 'but not too little to hate the Britishers, and take off my little coon-skin cap every time the name of Washington was mentioned. We lived not very far from Tappaan village on a big farm, and it was a gala day for me when I could go into the village with our wagons of produce for market. You remember where Tappaan was, Mollie,' he used to say, and then he would get down his big map and show me Orangetown, for that was the usual name of the town, a little distance from the west shore of the Hudson, and within easy riding distance of King's Ferry.

"'Well, one day,' Uncle Dick would go on, 'I went in town, to find everyone in a state of commotion, people were in the streets and soldiers were everywhere. I soon learned that the cause of the uproar was the fact that Washington had returned to his headquarters at Tappaan, and that this very morning he and his officers were in the DeWindt house discussing some dreadful things about General Arnold and an Englishman named Andre, who, they said, was a spy, and had been taken prisoner, and was at Mr. Mayble's stone house now.

"'I ran around and asked questions of everyone, got into the midst of every crowd and was happy in the excitement. The end was that I stayed so long that when I got back to the market our wagons were gone and I had to walk home. My mother was very angry at first, but so interested did she become, that she forgot to punish me for being bad.

"'That night I could not sleep. The thoughts of this horrible British spy, who was to my mind the very incarnation of awfulness and wickedness, filled my childish brain. I imagined being a man, and how I would get a big sword and kill him; then I thought of Washington and General Greene, and all the other generals, and wondered why they didn't kill him at once, and not wait to talk about it. Then I wondered about General Arnold and could not quite understand why the people at Tappaan seemed to think that an American traitor was even worse than a British spy. At last when the first gray of morn- [illegible]

[illegible] "Dick, you must not go in Tappaan village again for a week." She had heard news from town and knew that the court of inquiry had found the British spy guilty and that he was to be hanged, so she did not want me to be in town at such a time. I wandered about all that day and the next, but the third day, which was the second of October, 1870, early in the morning wagons and people, on horseback and afoot, began to go past our house, and, forgetting my mother's command, I climbed the orchard fence and joined the crowd. It was nearly noon when we came to a hill on the edge of the village and there were hundreds of people there, all talking in low voices and saying that the spy, Andre, was to be hanged on that tree at the top of the hill.

"'I was very small, so I pushed my way through the crowd till I came to the very front. Then I was frightened, for I saw two files of soldiers stretching down from the tree into the town and between them came another line of soldiers, the first being General Greene, as the whispers about me told; my knees shook when I heard the whispers growing louder, "There he is! There's Andre!" And then some called him a "spy" and some a "poor young man" and women began to sob all around me.

"'I looked in terror for the sight of the half-devil, half-man that I expected, but in his place I saw the most beautiful man I had ever seen. He was rather tall, and dressed in the full English uniform with white top boots. He had large, sad, brown eyes, brown hair curling back into two rolls over the ears, and a beautiful mouth. Young as I was, Mollie,' your uncle would say, 'I noticed how bravely he walked up to the wagon and without any help stepped in and with his own hands tied his white handkerchief over his eyes, and fixed the rope around his neck. He stood quite still, while General Scammell read the order of execution; then at the end he raised the handkerchief, and, looking over the crowd with his sad, beautiful eyes, began to speak. At first his voice was low, but after a few words it rose and every one could hear the end, "You will bear me witness that I die like a brave man."'"

Grandma let her work drop in her lap. "Then your great-great uncle would always wipe his eyes, for he was a tender-hearted man, and could remember how he felt that day although he was such a little boy. He would tell after that, how he began to cry, and buried his head in the skirts of a man's coat who stood next him, so that he could not see the dreadful end, and then how he ran home crying bitterly, and told his mother how General Washington had made a mistake and killed a beautiful gentleman, and not a spy at all. His mother had hard work explaining and comforting him, and even after he grew older and knew every detail of the tragedy, and the crime which led to it, he always thought of Andre as a hero and not as a spy.

"So now, my little dears, run and play, and remember that no matter what duty may cause you to suffer, true nobility of character always shows in the end."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Seven Times Two.

Seven times has Mrs. Edward Harris, of Richland, Mo., given birth to twins. The last pair were boys, and arrived about two weeks ago. The fourteen children are all living. Mrs. Harris is in her fifty-third year.

The woman who takes three hours in which to dress for a party may be vain, but she will never wear short hair, or try to act like a man.

Agents Wanted Page 7

3 FOR $1.00

Chance for profit with periodicals. THIRTY MILLIONS coming from the Klondike this year. Every man, woman, boy and girl can participate in the GOLDEN HARVEST. Buy the full paid and non-assessable shares of "THE ALASKA & BRITISH NORTHWEST MINING COMPANY," a reliable organization, with representative [illegible] Canadian Government. No prospecting or experiment. The company owns TEN rich claims between Eldorado and Sulphur Creeks in full operation DIGGING GOLD. Increasing in value rapidly. WAR advances GOLD SECURITIES to a premium. Send $1.00 for one share. With each share there will be sent the "KLONDIKE ILLUSTRATED," full of statistics and valuable information, also for three months, "TURF, FIELD & FARM," (regular subscription price $1.00 for three months.) This offer ends with the autumn. Send now. Address orders THE ALASKA & BRITISH NORTHWEST MINING COMPANY, No. 11 Broadway, New York.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

7,000 [illegible] MARRY
The Messenger, [illegible]

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SPANISH DIP NEEDLES
For locating Gold or Silver Ore, lost or hidden treasures. Circulars and testimonials free.
GEM NOVELTY CO., Palmyra, Pa.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

3500 BICYCLES
MUST BE SOLD. Best Makes. Latest Styles. For Men, Women, Boys or Girls. Every Wheel a Bargain and Fully Guaranteed. [illegible] Shipped on approval. Catalogue free. Write today. Address STOKES MACHINE WORKS, [illegible] Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WIVES — Send self-addressed envelope and I'll tell you how to cure drunkenness without the patient's knowledge.
Don't send money.
MRS. MAY HAWKINS, Grand Rapids, Mich. Lock Box 181. E E
MOTHERS

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Wurlitzer Beats the Band
Instruments of all competitors in quality and price. Clarinets, Trumpets, Drums, Fifes and all known instruments at prices you can't afford to miss. Band Catalogue 128-p. and sample parts band and orchestra music free. Specify Catalogue "B."
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co. Manufacturers, Established 1856.
138 E. Fourth Street. Cincinnati, Ohio.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BIG G is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, or ulceration of mucous membranes.
Sold by Druggists,
or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.00, or 3 bottles for $2.75. Circulars mailed on request.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Repeater
300 Shot Air Rifle and BOYCE'S MONTHLY, one year for 98c
[illegible]
BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Rifle Dept., Boyce Building, Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THE POWDER MILL DETECTIVE

OR A MILLION DOLLAR CASE FOR THE GOVERNMENT

BY EDWARD STRAYER.

SYNOPSIS.

[The United States secretary of war, having reason to fear that Spanish spies are about to cause the destruction of the powder works on Willow River, employs Carl Coles, a famous detective, to hunt the rascals down. A traitor in the department employs a noted criminal to follow Coles and Murder him. Believing that he has killed Carl, Tim, the criminal, collects his pay of the official, and is murdered as a precautionary measure. Carl reaches the powder mill to find that one of the guards has committed suicide, as reported. He suspects foul play. Carl learns from samples of the dead man's handwriting that it was he who warned the department of the plot. In a certain Capt. Andross he believes he has found the murderer and the master mind of the conspiracy. While about the mills in disguise Carl locates his men, but they are hard to run down in the matter of proof. Carl helps a handsome Cuban girl. He is believed by the conspirators to be dead. He looks over the mills for the point of danger. After several hot personal encounters Carl located the tunnel which was to be used by the conspirators and meets with an accident there. Carl draws the coils closer about the plotters, but gets into trouble. The Cuban girl helps him out. He now turns his attention to the Spanish ships intended to remove the powder. Then, with his case almost complete, Carl falls into the hands of the enemy.]

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Gibson's dastardly blow, so coolly planned, was destined never to be delivered.

As the [illegible] hand came down with the sharp knife, Carl gave a sudden roll and the blade merely buried itself in the bare wood of the kitchen [illegible].

[illegible] Carl's arm had swung around, and Gibson received a sweeping blow on the head which nearly cracked his skull and sent him spinning across the floor into a corner.

"You villain!" cried the detective.

He was still dazed, but his wits were rapidly returning to him, and he realized only too well what extreme peril had been his.

"Thunder!" roared Scales, turning as pale as a sheet.

He started to run for the door, but Carl's foot shot out and down he sprawled on his face.

"Remain where you are, Scales, or, as sure as I live, I'll put a ball through you. This game has been played to a finish, and the winning hand is mine."

For answer Scales staggered up. The blood was flowing from his chin and from his nose.

He presented a truly woeful appearance.

"Coles, don't be hard on me—please don't! I'll—I'll give you all I'm worth if you'll let me out of this scrape."

For answer the detective sent him sprawling again. It was a hot-tempered blow Carl could not withhold.

"That for insulting me, Scales. A fine government official you are, you traitor! If I had my way you'd be hung on the highest pole Washington affords. A trusted employe of our government and worse than a Spanish spy. Stay where you are, or I'll—I'll pulverize you, by the Lord Harry I will!"

Gibson was cursing and groaning alternately.

"If I wasn't winged," he howled, "I'd show you, Carl Coles. I am no coward, even if Scales is."

As he spoke he was trying to draw his pistol, forgetting that it was not loaded.

As soon as the weapon was out Carl kicked it from his hand.

Then, at the point of his own pistol, he promptly disarmed both of the rascals and bound them hands and feet.

He did not know exactly what to do with his prisoners and concluded to send for help from the police headquarters and have both put in solitary confinement, just as he had served Mandro.

"It won't be long now before I round up the rest of the League," he reasoned. "Lark will see to it that no one on the boats escapes. I wonder when Racer will get here?"

To get to the police headquarters he had to pass the railroad station.

A train from New York and Philadelphia had just come in and he watched to see who got off, knowing that Racer must come from the Quaker City.

The first to step on the platform was his assistant.

"Racer! Just the man I am after!" cried Carl. "Come with me!"

As the pair hurried on, the detective gave his second assistant all the points which were necessary.

The old red house was soon gained, and they went inside.

"Scales! Who would have thought it!" murmured Racer.

He knew the government official fairly well.

"I want you to play Scales for the next few hours," said Carl. "I will play Cazera. Won't we give the others of the League a surprise?"

"That's what," answered Racer, laconically.

He was a past master at making-up, doing the work nearly as well as Carl himself. In quarter of an hour the kitchen of the old house seemed to hold two Scales and a new Cazera.

Scales eyed the transformation with some curiosity, while Gibson scowled and endured his suffering in silence.

Lark was sent out, and soon returned driving a carriage he had hired at a nearby livery.

Nathan Scales was transferred to this and Gibson followed.

In a few minutes more the pair were at police headquarters and were put in solitary confinement.

This done, the carriage was dismissed and Carl and his assistant [illegible] hotel.

Carl had no trouble in getting Aneta to [illegible] them to her apartment. A long talk with the Cuban girl followed and several new points regarding the Spanish League were brought to light.

"We want to round up Bumbell, Captain Andross and those on the boats," said Carl, "and then lay a plan, with the aid of the naval department, to catch that Spanish ship that is waiting to obtain our powder."

After some planning it was decided to go down to the vicinity of the tunnel and see what was being done there.

The ride along the river side on horseback did not take much time.

"There is the Whistler!" exclaimed Carl, as they came in sight of the schooner. "See, she is tying up close to the shore. I presume they will stay there until tonight or tomorrow night."

"There is a sailor on shore, having a lot of trouble," put in Racer. "By George! Somebody is going for him with a knife!"

"It's Lark!" burst from Carl. "He is disguised as a sailor named Bill Backstay. Come on!"

He set off on a run with Racer at his side.

Just as they reached the landing they found Lark on his back. Over him stood Duffy and Captain Brant.

Duffy had a knife and Brant a club, and it was going hard with Carl's assistant.

But not for long. Rushing in, Carl caught Duffy and hurled him headlong.

Then he suddenly turned to Raver.

"Call the police!" he cried in a low tone. "The game is drawing to an end. It must be quick work here."

"But you—" began Racer.

"I'll take care of myself until you return and whistle."

Away went Racer at top speed, which is saying a good deal, for he was a racer by nature as well as by name.

"Who—what's this?" demanded Captain Brant, starting back.

"Cazera!" came from Bumbell, who stood near.

"Let that man alone," cried Carl.

"But he is a spy—I caught him at work!" fumed Duffy, in a semi-whisper.

"He is one of your sailors, isn't he?"

"Yes, but—"

"He is O. K.—I'll swear it."

"Backstay can't be trusted," muttered Captain Brant, with a shake of his head. "Besides, he is a surly cuss."

"I ain't surly," mumbled Lark, in a low tone. "Ye set up a plot ag'in me."

A low, wordy war followed, Carl keeping it up as long as possible.

He insisted that the supposed Backstay be taken on board of the schooner unharmed."

"Wasn't that Snap with you?" questioned Bumbell.

"Yes."

"What did he run away for?"

"He forgot some important papers up at the hotel. Come into the cabin, and bring those other captains with you. I've got great news," Carl went on.

Captain Brant was much mystified, but the detective gave him scant satisfaction, and no time was lost in assembling Brant, Bumbell and the captains of the Nancy and the Sarah D. in the cabin of the Whistler.

"I must see this Captain Andross soon, too," said Carl, more to gain time than anything else. "Listen to what I've got to tell."

And then he began a long-winded tale, made up as he went along. The tale was not concluded until he heard a well-known whistle from shore—a whistle immediately repeated by Lark, who was in Duffy's custody.

"Now, gentlemen, come on deck," said Carl. "I believe a friend to the cause has just arrived."

Unsuspecting, the trio of captains and Bumbell went on deck.

There stood Racer with half a dozen blue-coats, each with a drawn revolver.

Duffy had tried to escape from Lark, only to find himself thrown flat.

"The game is up, gentlemen!" cried Carl Coles. "Up with your hands, every one of you!"

A scene of indiscribable confusion resulted. Captain Brant tried his best to get away and struck at Carl with a belaying pin. But he was knocked down. Then a pistol shot rang out and the captain of the Nancy was hit in the leg. A free fight followed, but inside of five minutes the three captains, Bumbell, Duffy and half a dozen sailors were in the custody of the law.

Then, leaving his two assistants in charge, Carl started to arrest Captain Andross.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENT—CONCLUSION.

"Guide right, forward march!"

The battalion, that is all the soldiers who were not on picket duty, was assembled on the parade ground in front of the powder mills, going through the usual afternoon's drill.

Major Carman was at the head of the battalion and Captain Andross in command of Company B.

Captain Andross was polished to the last degree and looked as fine and true a soldier as one would wish to see.

Poor Henry Peppermill had been buried and the fact of his death was becoming a thing of the past.

But though he looked free from care Captain Andross was secretly much worried.

He felt it in his bones that all was not right and was prepared to skip out at the first sign of danger.

Across the parade ground and back marched the battalion with Company B at its head.

Now the campanies were drawn up in one long line, and Major Carmen was preparing to make a little speech when suddenly Captain Andross was seen to start forward and drop his sword.

He had seen somebody among the trees making a signal to him.

It was a trusted servant, who was also in the powder mills' plot.

The servant had heard of the wholesale capture on the river and had hurried to the soldiers' camp to give his master the news.

Frantically the servant beckoned the captain to come away.

It was the signal that all was discovered and that Captain Andross must flee to avoid arrest.

"What is the matter, Captain Andross?" queried the Major, kindly.

"I—I am sick—the heat has affected my head—kindly excuse me, Major," stammered the frightened man.

And he started on a swift walk to his tent.

A loud cry rang out from among the trees, and the men and officers saw the servant hurled to the ground by a newcomer.

"Arrest that man—he is a traitor!" came the cry. "Do not let him get away under any circumstances!"

And then the newcomer sped across the parade ground, drawing a pistol as he came.

"Halt, Captain Andross! I command you in the name of the United States."

The words rang out loud and clear.

"What does this mean?" demanded Major Carman, dashing forward in perplexity.

"Let me pass!" fumed Captain Andross. "Let me pass!"

He suddenly drew his pistol and aimed it at Carl's head. As it was going off the detective knocked it upward, and then sent Captain Andross flat at his feet.

"Who are you? Why this scene?" continued Major Carmen, and half a dozen officers crowded around, while the soldiers forgot themselves and began to break ranks.

"I am Carl Coles, the government detective. This man is a traitor, Major. Place him under close guard. Had he had his way these powder mills would have been blown sky-high in less than a week."

A murmur arose, followed by a howl of indignation. Then of a sudden there came a struggle, as Captain Andross tried to break away. Several pistol shots followed.

In a moment more the captain was fleeing across the parade ground followed by Carl and a score of others. He was ordered to stop, but only ran the faster. He was running towards the bluff skirting the river.

At the edge of the bluff he paused, and, as Carl came into view, he fired once more upon the detective.

Carl fired in return, and Captain Andross was hit in the thigh.

He staggered backward and uttered an oath.

"I will not be taken—to be hung!" he hissed, and running forward, plunged over the edge of the bluff headfirst.

When they picked him up he was dying. He lived long enough to confess having taken Henry Peppermill's life, and also to confess to [illegible] share in the powder mills plot.

"He is better dead," were Major Carmen's words. "Had he lived this camp, orderly as it otherwise is, would have been the scene of a disgraceful but well-merited lynching."

And the Major undoubtedly spoke the truth, for the spirit of loyalty to Old Glory was as strong in that camp as it was anywhere.

Captain Andross' servant was locked up with the other prisoners.

This done, Carl put himself into immediate communication with the secretary of war.

When it was learned what part Scales had played in the plot the excitement in the higher naval circles was tremendous.

Nothing, of course, was given out to the public, but under Carl's supervision a vigorous "shaking up" was had, resulting in the dismissal, "for cause," of a dozen employes.

Before leaving River Bend, Carl called upon Aneta, and he saw her safe to Washington, where he placed her in some friends' hands. It is now more than likely that some day the beautiful Cuban girl will become his wife.

It was decided by the war department to make an effort to capture the Spanish boat which was to have taken the powder from the Whistler, Nancy and Sarah D.

For this purpose two of the war vessels attached to Commodore Schley's Flying Squadron were ordered to the spot indicated in the chart Captain Brant had marked.

Carl, Lark and Racer accompanied the two war vessels.

The pair of fighting machines cruised for forty-eight hours, when a line of smoke was seen coming up from the southeast.

The newcomer proved to be a "tramp" steamer of 3,000 tons burden. She had been pressed into the Spanish service as an auxillery cruiser.

The cruiser flew the Dutch flag and the "patch of red" exactly as had been mentioned.

As soon as it was discovered that two United States war vessels were in the vicinity, the Spanish ship turned and tried to run for it.

One blank shot was fired across her bow, and, as this did not bring her to her senses, a solid shot followed, tearing away the greater part of her forward starboard rail and injuring two sailors.

"I'LL NOT BE TAKEN AND HUNG."

The Spaniard, seeing the uselessness of further resistance, then hove to and surrendered.

And what a cheer went up from the Yankee jackies! And how Carl, Lark and Racer joined in!

It was a great day for the detective and his assistants.

The Spanish boat was taken to Key West, to give the public the impression she had been captured in that vicinity. Had this not been done it might have occasioned much needless alarm along the Atlantic coast.

When the news reached shore that another ship had been captured Key West and the camp at Tampa, Florida, went wild.

"Hurrah! Push the good work along!" was the cry. "Three cheers for your Uncle Samuel and Free Cuba!"

And the cheers went up with a will.

Here properly ends the story of Carl's great work on the powder mills case.

As may be surmised Mandro, Bumbell, Scales, Captain Brant and the other evildoers are all suffering long terms of imprisonment.

When they are relased, if that ever happens, it is likely that our country will be too hot to hold them.

And that is as it should be. A traitor to his country's flag is the worst criminal on the face of the earth.

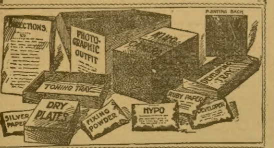
The detective and his assistants were handsomely rewarded by the government for their skillful work, and to this day the secretary of war thinks there is no detective to compare with plucky Carl Coles.

THE END.

Opium, Morphine and Whisky Habits cured in ten to twenty days. No pay till cured. Book of particulars Free. Address, Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. E, Lebanon, Ohio.

Every tone of Atlantic water when evaporated yields 81 pounds of salt, ton of Pacific water 79 pounds, Arctic and Antarctic waters yield 85 pounds to the ton and Dead sea water 187 pounds.

Drunkenness is a Disease. I will send free book of particulars: How to cure Drunkenness or the Liquor "Habit" with or without the knowledge of the patient. Dr. J. W. Haines, 187 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



CAMERA AND OUTFIT 50c.

The most marvellous offer ever made is this one. We send you a King Camera and Complete Printing, Developing and Toning Outfit, together with a YEARS SUBSCRIPTION to BOYCE'S MONTHLY for 50 CENTS all Charges Prepaid.

[illegible]

OUR GRAND OFFER: [illegible]

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Boyce Bldg., Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MEN GET IT FREE.

A Wonderful Medicine That Brings Perfect Manhood.

Reliable Advice and Course of Medicine Gladly Sent to All Men Who Write for It.

A most wonderful medicine is now being sent free to all men by the famous Physicians' Institute of Chicago. It is a remedy especially prepared for men who need a general bracing up, and has never failed to restore perfect manhood in the most hopeless cases. It has cured hundreds of men who had battled for years against the mental and physical sufferings of lost manhood. The Physicians' Institute has decided to distribute a free course of medicine, prepared to suit each man's condition, to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts, can now cure themselves at home.

The remedies have a peculiarly grateful effect; they act directly on the parts affected, giving warmth and development, just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions, and has been a great success in all cases. The Physicians' Institute make no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a course of medicine free, that is adapted to his case with all the instructions necessary for its use. The medicines are always sent in plain wrappers, so that the recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity.

A large percentage of the men of to-day are sadly in need of the right kind of medical treatment for a weakness peculiar to men. It matters not what the cause may have been, the fact still remains that they all require proper medical attention immediately. Write them at once, giving a description of your case, and the Physicians' Institute will prepare for you a course of treatment specially prepared for your condition, a treatment that will surely develop every portion and organ of your body, stop all drains and losses, and restore you to perfect manhood. Failure is impossible.

Hundreds of thankful letters are now on file in their business office, and all are bona fide expressions of permanently cured men. Do not delay writing them, and remember that they are not only a respectable institution in every way, but that theirs is the largest medical institute in America that makes a specialty of sexual and nervous diseases. Inclose 6 cents for postage, packing, etc., on medicine, and address Physicians' Institute, 1700 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

Cats can smell even during sleep. When a piece of meat is placed immediately in front of the nose of a sleeping cat, the nostrils begin to work as the sense is received, and an instant later the cat will awaken.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

On August 16th, September 6th and 20th and October 4th and 18th, 1898, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets (good for 21 days) to a great many points in South and North Dakota and other Western and Southwestern states at practically one fare for the round trip. Take a trip West and see what an amount of good land can be purchased for a very little money. Further information as to rates, routes, prices of farm lands, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, and mention you saw this in the [illegible]

To make beef [illegible] up in small pieces one pound of lean beef, put in a covered saucepan with half a pint of cold water, and place by the side of the fire for four or five hours; then let it simmer gently for two hours, skim, season, and serve.

Boys' Secret Society—Membership Free. Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 161 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

One of the simplest ways of cleaning a kettle is to fill it with water to which an ounce of sal-ammoniac has been added. Let it boil for an hour or so, and the hard substance which will be disintegrated can then be easily removed.

FREE TO INVALID LADIES. A safe, simple home treatment that cured me after years of suffering with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhoea, etc., sent free to ladies with full instructions how to use it. Address Mrs. L. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

A PLEA.

BY PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

Treat me nice, Miss Mandy Jane,
Treat me nice.
Dough my love has tu'ned my brain,
Treat me nice.
I ain't done a t'ing to shame,
Lovahs all ac's jes' de same;
Don't you know we ain't to blame?
Treat me nice!

Cose I know I'se talkin' wild;
Treat me nice;
I cain't talk no bettah, child,
Treat me nice;
Whut a pusson gwine to do,
When he come a-cou'tin' you
All a-trimblin' thoo and thoo?
Please be nice.

Reckon I mus' go de paf
Othahs do;
Lovahs lingah, ladies laugh;
Mebbe you
Do mean all the things you say,
An' po'haps some latah day
W'en I baig you ha'd, you may
Treat me nice!

HER TRANSFORMATION.

He Brought His Last Best Love to See His First Wife and They Were Satisfied.

BY GWENDOLIN OVERTON.

The poet to the contrary, notwithstanding, there are occasions when "it might have been" are joyful words. Most men, upon meeting again in after years their first loves, realize this, and offer up prayers of thanksgiving.

It was so with Hurlburt.

In the early days of the Pacific coast Hurlburt was stationed at San Diego. It was a picturesque little town. The streets were not much more than cow paths, and its houses were mostly of the good old pattern—adobes, one story high and built around a patio. In such a house as this lived Manuela Lopez, and in one of the cow-path streets Hurlburt first met her. It was upon a Sunday. Hurlburt had just come from inspection, and was on his way to take dinner with friends in town. He still wore his regimentals, and was a gorgeous sight, indeed. He was also tall, and yellow-haired, and blue-eyed—quite the figure to strike the fancy of a pretty little Mexican girl who was coming home from mass.

She had read no books that could have told her that it was the accepted thing to do; she had probably never given such subjects a moment's thought; but when the mind of a child becomes the mind of a woman, it is at one bound, not by slow degrees. Inspiration struck full upon Manuela's brain, and she dropped her rosary. From which it may be inferred that the love of the fathers and the wisdom of ages has taught women nothing new in affairs of the heart. The impulse of the intrigante and of the child of nature are the same.

Hurlburt, of course, was close to Manuela when the rosary dropped. He returned it to her. If she had not been with a servant he might have spoken. As it was, he observed more narrowly what he had been observing for some moments as he approached, that she was graceful and pretty. Then he raised his helmet and passed on.

It took Hurlburt two weeks, but he got himself introduced to Senor Lopez, and had then taken to call upon him. The senor was a well educated man, and the most hospitable of his hospitable race. He made Hurlburt free of the house at once, and showed him everything it contained, save only Manuela.

"You must come again, often," he said, as they parted. Hurlburt replied that he would, and went again in three days. Neither did he see his lady of the rosary upon this occasion. He addressed himself to Senora Lopez, who was handsome and well preserved.

"You have a daughter, have you not, Senora?"

Senora Lopez understood only just so much English as she chose. She did not choose to understand this. She turned her soft eyes upon her husband, and he answered for her.

"We have a daughter," he said, "but she is young."

Hurlburt understood that he had offended a semi-oriental prejudice.

It having thus been made obvious to him that Manuela would not be produced by her parents, he went to an early mass at the church, met her, and introduced himself. It chanced that she was alone.

"May I walk home with you, senorita?" he said. "I have the pleasure of knowing your father."

"Yes, sir," said Manuela.

It was but a few hundred yards to her home, but he made the most of his time. Manuela answered in monosyllables and raised her eyes but twice. Hurlburt's infatuation was complete. Senor Lopez was angry. He was civil to the officer, but he sent the girl to her room at once.

Hurlburt determined to pursue the policy that sages who know nothing of mankind tell us is invariably the best—"I went to the church on purpose to meet your daughter," he said. "I saw her on the street the other day"—he refrained in a moment of diplomacy from speaking of the dropped beads—"and admired her much. That is why I came to call upon you. I thought I would see her openly under her own roof. As I did not encounter her elsewhere. Now," said Hurlburt, leaning back in his chair in an easy pose that did not meet with the punctilious Mexican's approval, "I should like to ask you to be allowed to pay my court to your daughter."

Senor Lopez had no objection to the officer's suit, but he did object to his fashion of advancing it. He incased himself in perversity.

"My daughter, sir, is too young."

He rose to his feet by way of suggesting that Hurlburt would do well to take his leave. Hurlburt rose, too, but did not go.

"May I ask her age, Senor?"

"She is 15 years old."

"You have told me that you married the senora when she was but fifteen."

"That was in the old times. We do not do so any more."

"But I will be willing to wait for a year, if Senorita Manuela will love me."

"Sir, we will talk no more concerning this. My daughter is too young to be married, and I do not wish to give her to an American"—which was not in the least true. Up to then it had been his plan to do so, but his obstinacy was roused.

The result was one that any one, most of all a Mexican, should have foreseen. Hurlburt embarked upon an intrigue. He sent notes to Manuela, and got them from her in return. The notes led to meetings by night. The meetings led to infatuation. Warm, southern nights and a soft-eyed, soft-voiced girl can work mischief within the mind of a man. And a tall, blonde ever heard can turn the head of any woman.

Then Hurlburt made one last attempt at frankness. He went to Senor Lopez again, and renewed his request to be permitted to pay his daughter court. The senor refused.

Whereupon Hurlburt arranged another meeting with Manuela. "Do you love me, chiquita?" he asked.

"Yes, yes. Must I tell you so always?"

"Do you love me enough to leave your home for me?"

"I do not understand." The gentle eyes looked into his, perplexed.

"Will you marry me?"

"I would, but how can I?" she asked. "My father will not consent to it."

"Do you love me enough to run away from your father, to disobey him, and go over to Mexico, across the border with me? We can be married there and then come back."

A week later they went across the line and were married. They returned immediately and had an interview with Senor Lopez. The Mexican was enraged, but Manuela and her mother patched up a peace. Manuela behaved beautifully, and Hurlburt was more enamored than ever. He took her back to his home, and for three days dreamed of a lifetime of bliss. Then Manuela decided that she had had enough of living on honeycomb, and with no explanations and no reason save that she wanted to go, she went. Her father, charmed with Hurlburt's discomfiture, refused to make her return to him, and guarded her closely. Hurlburt begged for one final interview, and it was granted. Manuela was unmoved. She stood meekly before him, her folded hands holding a rose, her father and mother on either side of her. She was not in the least unhappy, and no grief had marred her prettiness.

"Manuela," said Hurlburt, "have you not changed your mind? Will you not come with me?"

She shook her head. "No," she said.

"Why not? Was I not kind to you? Did I not love you?"

"Yes, you were kind, but I like better to be with my father."

It was useless to threaten, implore, or reason. Manuela was gently stubborn. She would never go back to him; she did not like Americans.

When Hurlburt finally went away, he decided that his heart was broken. This frame of mind lasted for a year; then he became resentful; then he obtained a divorce; then he was ordered east, and it was ten years before he returned to the coast. He had with him his wife—a woman of his own people, charming, well suited to him in every way. She knew the story of his first marriage, and she knew that, whatever he might say to the contrary, he still regretted deep down in his heart the sweet, soft Mexican wife of his youth, of his season of dear beliefs and illusions. The knowledge was the one grief of her life. It threw a shadow of sadness over her eyes. But she kept it to herself, and for this unfeminine virtue the gods in due time rewarded her.

They went one day by ambulance from Wilmington, where Hurlburt was stationed, to Los Angeles. One of their mules got lame, and they had to spend the night at a roadside ranch. A crowd of dirty Mexican children played around the adobe; several yet dirtier men lounged about the door; a fat, beshawled woman waddled across the yard; a yet more untidy one welcomed them.

Her greasy face was still rather pretty and young, but she was thick and heavy and stupid. When she looked full at Hurlburt she gave a little cry that was more of a grunt.

"Come in; I will tell my husband," she said, and shuffled away with her bare feet.

Hurlburt turned to his wife gravely. "I am sorry to have brought you here," he said, "but it is all we can do, unless you prefer to sleep in the ambulance tonight. That—woman was my wife."

"So I supposed," she said. She laid her delicate hand on his arm. "Don't let it trouble you, dear. I do not mind." She smiled into his eyes, and the shadow was forever gone from her own.—Argonaut.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

"What you need," said the doctor, "is change." "Yes," said the patient, "I'll need lots of it to meet your bill."

Personalities.

The suggestion of a daily paper in Palestine comes with something like a shock, but has been made in all seriousness by Mr. Yehouda, a Russian gentleman though a Turkish subject, who lives in Jerusalem and owns a paper published twice a week in the holy city. He is now in London for a short time and says there is quite a demand for journals in this part of the world and he has a complete belief that the times are ripe for a daily paper. The subject most eagerly discussed in Palestine is agriculture and the interest arises from the growth and development of the agricultural colonies. Mr. Yehouda declares that at some of the agricultural schools, and particularly at a large one between Jaffa and Ramleh, agricultural matters form the subject of weekly debates of high interest, in which modern methods and modern [illegible] come under review.

News comes by way of Denmark of Ibsen's becoming more agreeable than he used to be and this is proved by the fact that he answered a [illegible] lady who asked him a rather foolish question. She asked him what he would do if he had a million and he replied: "I should buy an elegant steam yacht, with electric lights and all modern comforts, with a crew of [illegible] and a grand orchestra. Then I should invite twenty good friends to travel with me. We should visit many far regions, but our principal goal would be the island of Ceylon, which must be, from all I have heard, the most beautiful spot on earth."

Dr. Anna Shabanova has been elected president of the new club for women at St. Petersburg, called the Russian Women's Mutual Help society. The club has already over a thousand members, among whom are many professional women. It is only recently that Russia has allowed women to have clubs and the removal of the old prohibition is due to the kindly interest of the czarina, to whom numerous appeals were made.

This Tramp a Croesus.

A ragged old tramp, arrested as a vagabond at the Paris Halles, on being searched was found to have 250,000 francs in bank notes and 52,000 francs in securities on his person. He was sent to the insane hospital, while the police try to find out who he is.

A Suspicious Man.

"I called Henry back to kiss me goodby."

"Well?"

"And he said: 'Julia, you know I gave you the last cent I had Saturday night.'"

Beware Mr. Crimsonbeak! Cork-screws have sunk more men than cork-jackets will ever save.

GOLD OMETOR for locating Gold, Silver and Other Minerals. [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED

DETECTIVE [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WANTED MAN [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SPECTACLES [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WANTED LADY AGENTS [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

W. L. KLINE CO. [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$75 Month and Expenses [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED FOR PARIS SKIRTS, [illegible] Skirt Co., 30 Clinton Avenue, [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$25.00 [illegible] Rodger Cycle Supply Co. [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS Wanted [illegible] H. M. SHOUB & CO. [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MACKINTOSHES [illegible] Rain-Proof, $3.98. [illegible] Erie Mackintosh Co. [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WATCHES RIFLES BANJOS JEWELRY FREE [illegible] BOYCE'S [illegible] Premium Department, [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL DO YOU WANT TO RECEIVE Lots of LETTERS, Papers, Cards, Magazines, [illegible] FREE [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE WATCHES! [illegible] PERSIAN PERFUME CO. [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BOYS AND GIRLS CAN [illegible] Premium Department, [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

DON'T BE HARD UP $2,000 A YEAR EASY. [illegible] When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED To sell SKIRTS, CORSETS, SUPPORTERS, WAISTS and other SPECIALTIES FOR WOMEN. Exclusive territory. Canvassers Make $25 to $50 weekly. OUTFIT FREE. Write THE A. P. McCRAW CORSET CO., 24 South Street, Melrose, N. Y. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

5000 BICYCLES [illegible] G. R. MEAD & PRENTISS, Chicago, Illinois. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

IN THE LAND OF LAUGHTER.

A TALE OF DECADENCE.

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

Once upon a time there was a poet.
We make this statement to cold blood, so

to speak, and not at random, for peculiar as it may seem at the present day, the fact remains that there was once a poet. He is dead now, and the face is extinct, but there is no doubt that he was a poet. He wrote beautiful verse, and a high ideal, and a tuneful lyre, but he didn't have a pull with the publishers. So he framed many days, which improved his writing, for he had been a wee post before, and he was a faster.

So he bought a bottle of ink for five copies of his verse, and he sent them around, and some came for four and some came for one, and he paid for them cash down, and the dealer handed money to the poet and knew nothing the baby's bank, at which the poet blushed and departed, for the dealer had touched the spot.

Then he wrote a poem, and he wrote it on one side of the paper with black ink, and signed his name, but not necessarily for publication, and he went forth and horrified the entire nation postage, according to the law and prophets.

And it chanced that the paper to which he mailed it was a new paper, which had been started by a publisher who had no pull, and the publisher was short on poetry, and therefore he wrote to the poet saying him that his poem had been accepted. At which the poet braced up and began parting his hair in the middle, and looking dreamy and distinguished, and he wrote to the publisher that he was pleased to know that he had been chosen. It is only my vast genius recognized at last, I ad mit, he wrote to the pub.

But on the seventh day thereafter the poet received his poem again, with a message written on the first page in blue pencil, to the effect that it was declined, with thanks. Then the poet sighed deeply and wrote a poem describing a decapitated lamplighter, for which he had had a standing order for three years. And again he had accepted it, he received a check for $3.75.

Then he left the craft he was sailing and went off on the pilot, but his name was not known in the land.

The moral of this tale is as follows: It is easier to have a ten-dollar bill in your vest pocket than to have a wreath of laurel in your brow.

Practical Philosophy.

Lost Dumbbell—I say, Daughty, Mark Strottine—Well?

L. D.—To endorse my m's very healthy for when you go through the table feeths' as it pay could eat a mile more.

M. S.—You air no oughter be mighty careful, then.

L. D.—Yes; but I'd rather have less health an eat longer!

No Hero.

Tommy—Are you a pirate?
Longshoreman—Lor' no, sir!
Tommy—A smuggler, then?
Longshoreman—No, nor that neither!
Tommy—Oh, dear! Would you kill a Frenchman if you saw one now?
Longshoreman—Don't reckon I should, sir.
Tommy—Well, I don't think much of you, that's all!

He Was Interested.

Voice Over the Phone—Any more fighting in Santiago?
Newspaper Boy—Nup.
Voice—Sure?
Voice, slow. You seem mighty anxious."
"No, but I'm curious. I've got a nephew there who saves me $12."

Her Consolation.

Mrs. Krogg—Oh, the horrid smell of that old pipe of yours!
Mr. Krogg—In kind enough, madam, to mind your own business. I'm going to smoke and smoke wherever I please, right up to the time of my death—
Mrs. Krogg—Well, I dare say it won't be long.

Her Admiration.

The two girls were looking over the wares in the book store.
"Do you admire Dickens?" asked one of them.
"Yes," replied the other, ponderingly, "but I think he would be handsomer if he didn't wear whiskers."

Explained.

"That's not his wife with him, is it?"
"No, of course not. Don't you see how attentive he is?"
"Yes, but his wife's got money."
"Of course she's got it—"
"Oh, then I might have known."

Interest.

Baron Gaunch—In debt—I am sure your daughter will be quite willing to—for you have quite the same interests.
Banker—Yes; interests on my capital.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

Johnnie ran his first voyage—Oh, mamma! I've been all over the ship—that is, all except in the steerage; papa wouldn't let me go there.
Mamma—Why wouldn't he?
Johnnie—I dunno, unless he was afraid the steers might hook me.

LOST A PET POODLE.

BY J. ALBERT SMITH.

An editor dozed in his easy chair—
Don't stop to suggest you've heard that before—
A whiff of rare fragrance swept in on the air
And eyes soft and tender peeped in at the door—
"My poodle, the darling—he adored me so,
He followed me many somewhere, and what
shall I do?"
Quite easy, fair Miss—tell your loss in the
Times—
"I will." And she did, and politely with-
drew.
The editor sat in his rotary chair—
I think that the words were not like that
before—
The while a rare fragrance again in the air,
The eyes soft and tender again at the
door—
"I'm heartless—I'm tickled—that poodle
is gone—
Your paper its value I cannot compute,
Because, reaching home, he was already
there—
Found the way by himself—now isn't he
cute?"

THE GAME THAT FAILED.

His Effort to Work the Tenderfoot Brought Disaster.

BY C. R. G. PEABODY.

When the miners' rush to Cripple Creek was raised in California, and the cool setting days gave place to a great relief for the rest, they began to walk along the winding lanes lined on both sides with rows of the fern-like border trees, the air redolent with the scent of the pine and the fir and the cedar.

It was during a lovely day in the San Diego district when an old man suddenly parted the bushes that lined the roadway, and, dropping upon one knee, sighted a long rifle at an object at the same time.

"Sir Gawd's sake, stranger, yer keep still or I'll shoot yer head off, sure's fate!"

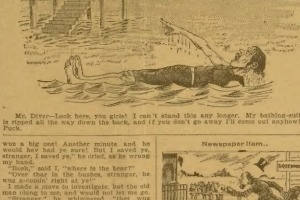
I saw the rifle spit fire, and at the same time heard the "ping" of the bullet as it sped past my head. Then the old man dropped his rifle, and rushing up to me, literally fell upon my neck.

"I saved yer life, stranger," he gasped, "an' I'm glad of it, as it would ha' been a dead pity."

"See here," said I, as I finally succeeded in tearing the old man's arms from me, and hold him at arm's length, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"D'ars, stranger!" he gasped, as he tried embrace me again. "Ooh k'nigher,"but he

First Girl (to girl who has just arrived)—You we are watching Mr. Diver, out there in the water. He's the most expert swimmer I ever saw. He has been floating on his back for over an hour.



Mr. Diver—Look here, you girls! I can't stand this any longer. My bathing-suit is ripped all the way down the back, and if you don't go away I'll come out anyhow! Puck.

was a big cost! Another minute and he would have had a corpse! But I saved the stranger, I saved ye," he cried, as he wrung my hand.

"Yeah," said I, "where is the bear?"

"Over there, stranger," replied he, he was a-comin' right at ye!"

"I made no such attempt," I said, but the old man clung to me and would not let me go. "Come, come," I said, "I'll shoot that bear the first time he shows his head, but, say, it was a-layin' with its toe tell a jack-rabbit with, 'cause my children ain't got anything ter eat, an' I ain't got any more money ter buy any with. Gosh! I'm glad I saved the two bits ter buy some with," I added to myself, "for I'm sure I'll get a dollar for it." And I think I've got it back-cash with bit."

I realized that I was being "worked," and advised the old man to cut the bear.

"They ain't good ter eat now," answered the old man, uneasily; "twist the right shoulder off an' throw the rest away. But, stranger, my life ought ter be worth more'n that."

At this point an old woman arrived on the scene, and I took the opportunity to investigate the story of the dead bear, and as I feared the bushes I heard the old woman say:

"Did the tenderfoot pony, Hiram?"

"Did a easy! I emptied the mag—"

"See here," said I, "there is nothing here but a dead hog."

With three leaps the old woman was beside me, and with one leap she was back at the old man.

"Dost yer ugly hide," yelled the old woman, as she threw the old man down, and began to belabor him with a broom handle, but without ceasing for the least in the only one we've got?"

I realized that it was no "funeral" of mine, so I moved on, but as far as I could hear, the fight was going on in the middle of the road.

He Knew the Lady.

Wife (with a determined air)—I want to see that letter.
Husband—What letter?
Wife—The one you just opened. I knew by the handwriting it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it! Give it to me, sir!
Husband—Here it is. It's your milliner's bill.

WHY SHE DID IT.

The Man (after a rebuke by the old lady)—I didn't kiss you. I only pretended I was going to. Why did you call your mother?
The Maid (repentantly)—I—I didn't know she was in the house.

How it Was Invented.

About an hour before it began to rain Noah sat near the forward doorway lost in thought.

"It's strange," he mused, "I never thought of it before. We'll get along all right during the day, but what will we do at night with no lights?"

Angbet, who happened to be walking the deck at the time, overheard the remark and, coming up, asked where his father stood, said, "Don't act that way you, father. If you Noah good thing when you see it just follow my instructions and you'll have cause to learn."

"This is no time for jesting," answered Noah, "and I command you to desist."

"Well," replied Japh, with a merry twinkle in his starboard eye, "all you have to do is to drive the menagerie of the ship for a few minutes, and you'll have the ark lighted."

During the voyage they hardly passed the bread to each other.

The Spanish View.

"Mother" the little Spanish boy cried, "it is said that the ships of the Yankee pigs have been seen off the shore."

"Be calm, my son," replied the mother. "Let us not covert about after the manner of Spiritual Rotarians."

How He Did Business.

Angus—Where do you think of Buffington? Grimshaw—Oh, he is the kind of a man who has sent every dollar he has made out of the country the other end flops up in the air.

A Regular Thing.

And every morning just at nine
With little variation,
Both old and plain, rain or shine,
Hand in his resignation.

An Escort.

Uncle Ned—Why don't you let Cousin Rose do way her school things?
Sammy—He knows de way all right, but he's afraid some one de little ones will get hurt.

Difference.

Bagge—Sir, you behold in me a man who has sent unlucky days, and—
Gamble—And you behold in me a man who has seen unlucky nights. Good-day!

The Savage Bachelor.

The Dearest Girl—It seems strange that men will go to war for mere sentiment.
The Savage Bachelor—Worse than that. They even get married for the same reason.

Too Previous.

Mr. Foster Thirtlet—Say! let me have that fiver I loaned you last night, will ye?
Mr. Speedye—For heaven's sake, man alive, I haven't had time to spend it yet.

Others Do the Worrying.

Kean—Isn't your wife afraid to drive that horse?
Sloan—Not at all. It's the people she meets who are scared.

An Old-Timer.

Kidder—Say you with your girl yester-day?
Kidder—Yes. Jerver know her?
Kidder—No; but pap says she used to be an old flame of his.

Well Provided.

Magistrate—Prisoner, have you any visible means of support?
Prisoner—Yis, sir, your honor. (To his wife, a laundress) Bridget, stand up, so that the court kin see you.

He Knew the Cause.

The Bonanza—My hair turned white in a single night of speechless agony.
The Landlord—What had you eaten for supper?—Up-to-Date.

A Domestic Surprise.

I kissed her and called her "dear,"
And in her soft hand now
There slide a look of real surprise—
We'd married both one year.

She Knew Him.

Jack—I hear that Dick's wife doesn't trust him.
Tom—No, he married his tailor's daughter.—New York Journal.

An Event of Moment.

"What is that dreadful crash?"
"I don't know. Either Hobson is in town, or shirt waists are marked down to 19 cents."

Getting Himself Right.

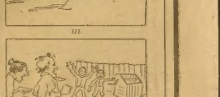
"Hooray," exclaimed Senator Sorghum, as he took a friend on the Capitol steps.
"What's the matter, Senator?"
"We've adopted Bunkum Resolutions."
"But you were wholly opposed to that proposal."
"No, sir. I decline to be misrepresented. I decline to have my sentiments misconstrued by posterity. You've no idea of the trouble I've undergone in order to keep me from coming out long ago."

Almost a Murder.

I.

II.

III.



IV.

V.

VI.

Useless.

Spain uses smokeless powder exclusively in her hitten guns.—Denver Post.

First Crane—What's the matter with you, Reuben, you look as if you were going to croak?
Second Crane—Got a frog in my throat.

IMFORMATION.

Boarder—When do you begin to get in the harvest?
Farmer—Well, we expect the boarders to settle up every Saturday night.—Puck.